



Department

CUPI'S ARROWS. Phoebe, wandering in the woods. Chained to say Dan Cupid sleeping.

The Honor of Bous

A Story of a Terrible Temptation—By Herbert D. Ward.

"But mother, how ridiculous, I'm no longer a little boy." Sidney straightened himself up to his full height of five

feet, and looked at his mother with an insolent air. "Besides, I've never been in Boston, except when I went to see the boys."

"I HOPE THAT WE MAY SEE MORE OF EACH OTHER." Mrs. Dorris looked at her only child with a conflicting expression.

"Now, Sid, look here: don't be a Gilly." That was the worst reproach a boy could meet in Boston, except when I went to see the boys.

"Sidney will change at Lowell Junction, and be a good boy," said Mrs. Dorris after a long pause.

"When you get through college," sneered Mrs. Dorris, snapping her eyes.

"At least, I can go into father's business and help you," Sidney looked up at his mother lovingly.

Mrs. Dorris stared at her son as if she had not understood his words. Then the color abruptly left her sunburnt, parched skin.

"You shall never—" Mrs. Dorris did not finish.

school, should approach him on the third day. It is a good thing that in our American schools there is no rank in school but that of good-fellowship.

"You've just come into our class, and I've never seen you before," said Tom, looking at Sidney with a friendly smile.

"Where do you room?" asked Tom with a kindly yet indefinable tone of condescension.

"At the Millstone House," answered Sidney, smiling, noticing a smile of sympathy on his companion's face.

"All right," Sidney's eyes sparkled. He looked at Tom with a friendly smile.

"Look here, Sid," said Tom one November morning after Greek composition.

"I don't think I ought to go; I can't get permission." Now, Sid, look here: don't be a Gilly.

"I think he's right," remarked Mr. Rabbit. "I don't see why," suggested Mrs. Meadows.

"Well," replied Mr. Rabbit, chewing his tobacco very slowly. "There's no reason why he shouldn't have married the king's daughter if the king had a daughter, and if he didn't he wouldn't have married her."

"Now, I'm glad of that," exclaimed Mr. Rabbit. "Truly glad. I've had a story on my mind for many years, and I've kept it to myself because I didn't want to tell a story you had to tell everything."

"I called it a story," replied Mr. Rabbit. "But she told me that when Brother Lion had hair all over him as long as and as thick as the mane he has now."

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seemed to catch, and then jump ahead. The effect on the asthmatic music was ludicrous enough to draw peevish from the bootblack.

"How my heart grows weary, far from the old folks at home." "I must beg you to leave us alone."

"He never knew I did this," said Mrs. Dorris in a low tone to Tom as they both tried to revive her. "I told him not to come to Boston. I took it when my husband died, 18 years ago, because there's so much money in it. I've been an honest woman and worked hard—good krows—for my boy. I wanted to give him a good education."

"You may trust me," he said. "I'll be his friend." Then he looked seriously at the mother and son with the experienced air of a man of the world.

"I'm both cold and dirty," says he, smelling around the hoghead, and I've been asleep in the woods yonder, and I'm right stiff with cold. But the water is bubbling around the hoghead."

"I had just taken a hot bath in the hoghead." "I'm both cold and dirty," says he, smelling around the hoghead, and I've been asleep in the woods yonder, and I'm right stiff with cold.

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STORIES OF A SHOW MAN

ARTEMUS WARD, THE GREAT AMERICAN HUMORIST.

Career of a Man Who Made an International Reputation and Died When Only 32.

(Copyright, 1895, by S. S. McClure, Limited) "Artemus Ward," the genial showman, was not a mere Yankee humorist. His genius was thoroughly cosmopolitan, and he himself a "rolling stone."

"Well, the day I'm talking you about, Mr. Man had been killing hogs and scalding the hair off. When I got there the pile of wood had burned away, and Mr. Man had just taken his hogs home in his wagon. The weather was very cold, and as I stood there warming myself, I heard Brother Lion roaring a little way off. He had scented the fresh meat, and I knew he would have right for the place where the hogs had been killed.

"Now Brother Lion had been worrying me a good deal. He had hired Brother Wolf to capture me, and Brother Wolf had failed. Then he hired Brother Bear, and Brother Bear got into deep trouble. Finally he hired Brother Fox, and I knew the day wasn't far off when Mrs. Fox would have to hang cranberries on her door and go on a course. All this had happened some time before, and I bore Brother Lion's tale with a certain amount of interest.

"So when I heard him in the woods singing out that he smelled fresh blood, I grabbed the shovel the man had left and threw a dozen or so hot rocks in the hoghead, and then threw some fresh dirt on the fire. Presently Brother Lion came trotting up, sniffing the air, and pursuing like a spinning wheel a-running, and dribbling at the mouth.

"I passed the time of day with him as he came up, but I kept my eyes on him, and when he jumped, he seemed very much surprised to see me, and said it was pretty bad weather for such little chaps to be out; but I told him I had on pretty thick underwear, and besides the

his restless spirit soon set him in motion, and he roared from one country printing office to another till he was 18, when he found himself stranded in Boston. Here, ever having already made himself a first-class typewriter, he had no difficulty in securing employment. He took the office of the Carpet Bag, a comic journal conducted by Shillaber, the famous "Mrs. Partington," who was then very busy in keeping back the waters of the Atlantic Ocean.

"Artemus Ward," born Charles Farrar Browne, was in his element, and soon he began to try his wings in the congenial "Carpet Bag," to the great delight of Partington and the remarkable boy "Lion," who wondered much what rare bird had strayed into their nest.

"But in vain they wondered, for Artemus carried concealed himself, and bearing Horace Greeley's "Go West, young man," he before long took flight again, not alighting until he had reached Toledo, Ohio. Here he remained but a short time, when he removed to Cleveland, where he took quarters in the composing-room of the Plain Dealer, an able, widely circulated journal, and a great power in that portion of Ohio.

Here "Artemus Ward" was born and grew to maturity under the fostering care of this influential newspaper. At first he was employed as type-setting, writing only such things as filled up some vacant column of the journal. But these short things attracting the attention of the editor-in-chief, he was promoted to the editorial staff, and in 1851 he became the manager of "Artemus Ward, Showman," into which he introduced from time to time "three moral Bares, a Kangaroo (a amusing little Rascal—"would make you fat if you ate it," and a "little cuss" (jump up and squeal); wax figures of G. Washington, General Taylor, John Bunyan, Captain Kidd and Dr. Webster in the water—killing a man, and several miscellaneous wax statues of celebrated pirates and murderers, etc., etc., which he carried about with him, and scarcely a day passed without some country reader of the Plain Dealer applying to his counting-room for a sight of the Kangaroo, the moral "Bares" and the wax figures.

Being in Cleveland in 1851 I made the acquaintance of one of the editors of that journal, who had been the associate and friend of "Artemus Ward" for some time. He described to me his appearance when he first came to the Plain Dealer office. He was, he said, long and lank, with flowing hair, loosely fitting coat, and trousers that were so tight that they were like a pair of knives. His humor was irrepressible, always bubbling over, and he kept all about him in a constant state of merriment. He could see only one side of a subject—a subject was a wag, and in that line a genius.

once begun a lecturing tour of Great Britain, but failing health hindered him from the tour until June of that year. His lectures were as great a success in England as they had been in this country, and his contributions to the London Punch, which began to appear in 1847, were better than those of the most famous humorists of our time, who have one and all written for that noted journal. Few things in humorous literature are better than his reflections "At the Tomb of Shakespeare," which was his first contribution to Punch.

"I told my wife Betsey," he says, "when I left home I would go to the birthplace of the other of 'Othello' and other plays. She said that as long as I kept out of Newgate she didn't care where I went. 'But,' I said, 'won't you know he was the greatest poet that ever lived? Not one of these common poets, like that young idiot who writes verses to our daughter about the roses as grows and the breezes as blows—put a Boss Foot, also a plumb-line, also a man who knew a great deal about everything.'"

"She was packing my things at the time, and the lady in question was made up to ask me if I was a 'goin' to carry both of my red flannel nightgowns."

"Yes, I've been to Stratford-on-Avon, the birthplace of Shakespeare. Mr. S. is now in the city, and he has a fine collection of his pictures. The people of his native town are justly proud of him. They cherish his memory, and there are still pictures of his portrait in the walls of the 'prof' little cherishes' it. Almost everybody puts a picture to put in their Album."

"As I stood gazing on the spot where Shakespeare is supposed to have fallen from the ice and burst himself when a boy (this spot cannot be bought—the town authorities say it shall never be taken from Stratford), I wondered if 300 years hence pictures of my life and mine would be exhibited there, stuffed out with pliers and cushions, which he said one very hot day in July: 'Oh, bother, I can't stand this!' and he burst himself when a boy (this spot cannot be bought—the town authorities say it shall never be taken from Stratford), I wondered if 300 years hence pictures of my life and mine would be exhibited there, stuffed out with pliers and cushions, which he said one very hot day in July: 'Oh, bother, I can't stand this!' and he burst himself when a boy (this spot cannot be bought—the town authorities say it shall never be taken from Stratford), I wondered if 300 years hence pictures of my life and mine would be exhibited there, stuffed out with pliers and cushions, which he said one 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